CORSICA

BY THE

FRENCH.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY A LADY.

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CANS.

Clement Paoli.
Abatucci.
Barbaggio.
Colonel Rocco Serra.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FRENCH.

Count De Vaux.
Count De Marbœuf.
Marſhal De Arcambal.

WOMEN.

Flavonia.
Leonora.
Almira.
Iſabella.

SCENE, Corte, *and Places adjacent.*

THE CONQUEST of CORSICA BY THE FRENCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene Corte, the Senate Houſe.

Enter ſeveral Senators.

1*ſt. Sen.* MY Lords, are you acquainted with the Reaſon
The Gen'ral has with ſuch Haſte conven'd the Senate.

2*d. Sen.* I'm as ignorant as yourſelf, my Lord, but ſomething
Of Importance muſt be the Cauſe you may depend.
Juſtice and Prudence ſtill in him unite,
And in each Step he takes conſpicuous ſhine.

3*d. Sen.* His Conduct ſtill is ſo upright and clear
And all his Actions are ſo nobly great,
That we may ſafely to his Judgment truſt
Our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Country's Welfare.
4*th. Sen.* This too is my Opinion, and he who dares
To advance otherwiſe I here decree him
Unworthy for to bear the Name of Corſican.
5*th. Sen.* Behold the General appears; as welcome to us
As blooming Spring after the wintry Storms.

Enter Paoli *attended.*

All. Hail brave Paoli! Long live our General!
Paoli. Brave Senators, how ſhall I expreſs the Pleaſure that it gives me
To ſee your Approbation of my Conduct?
And wiſh no longer to enjoy a Being
When render'd once unworthy your Eſteem.
I doubt not but you are ſurpris'd at being thus ſuddenly conven'd,
But when I unfold the Reaſon of ſuch Convention
Your Aſtoniſhment will ceaſe. I have received Intelligence
That the intriguing French have made a Contract
With the Genoeſe, for to invade,
To conquer, and deliver us into their Hands.
Therefore I thought it proper to take the gen'ral Voice
And your determin'd Reſolution to act in this Affair:
Speak then, my Lords, with undiſguiſed Hearts
Your free Opinions. What ſhall we do,
Repel them or ſubmit?
1*ſt. Sen.* Submit! And are we then ſo tame!
O brave Paoli, think not ſo meanly of the Corſicans,
Where your Example draws there's not an Individual in the Iſle
But would eſteem it his Pride and Glory
To face all Dangers, led by ſo brave a Chief.
2*d. Sen.* My Voice I give for to oppoſe the French.
Let every one exert himſelf with Speed,

That

That when they come upon us they may find
We are prepared to give them a Reception.
3d. Sen. My Lords, how I rejoice to hear your Sentiments
Agree and correſpond ſo well unto my own.
Shall we ſubmit, our Family Eſtates and Iſle be given up
A Prey to theſe Invaders, theſe hoſtile Foreigners,
That have no Right but common Robbers?
Paoli. Then here we are unanimous for War.
No more a Life of Idleneſs will pleaſe,
But the ſhrill Trumpet with its enliv'ning Sound
Shall animate us with heroic Courage, and call us to the Field.
And here we charge each one who boaſts himſelf
His Country's Friend, let him prepare to meet
Th' inſulting Foe, and ſave her from inevitable Ruin.
Farewell, my Lords, the Foe we will withſtand,
And die, or conquer, in our native Land. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Abatucci's *Houſe.* *Enter* Flavonia *and* Almira.

Alm. Madam, my Lord, your Father, is ſummoned to the Senate.
Fla. Some important Cauſe is then in hand. The brave Paoli,
That gallant Man, how ought each Corſican for to adore him,
When he reflects what he has done for them and Corſica!
How he has brought this Iſland from more than ſavage Barbarity,
To adopt the Manners of the moſt polite.
Some great Deſign I judge he has in hand,
Some riſing Project to advance his Country,
Which is the Reaſon he has conven'd the Senate;
For he in nothing waves their Approbation.
Alm. How, Madam! Is it to the General we owe
All the Advantages we now poſſeſs?

Fla. Yes, my Almira, to him we are indebted
For all the Privileges we now enjoy,
Before he arrived nothing but Murder upon Murder
Throng'd our Streets, ev'n at Noon-day;
Nothing but Hatred and Revenge poſſeſſed the Heart
Of every Individual until he came.
His godlike Perſon and more godlike Soul
Came as a bright celeſtial Angel down,
To calm and ſoothe the Paſſions of Mankind.
But, my Almira, I'll diſcloſe to you
All the Adventures of this gallant Man.
When young his Father carried him to Naples,
Where he was educated at the Court.
Though thus ſurrounded with all
The Pleaſures and Delights a Court could yield,
And at an Age when all the Paſſions reign
Predominant, yet ſtill his Country's Safety glow'd
Within his Boſom, and a noble Ardor
To deliver her from Slav'ry poſſeſs'd his Soul.
Fill'd with theſe Thoughts he landed in our Iſle,
And, by his affable and noble Carriage,
Subdu'd all Hearts to own him for their Lord.
Now they adore him as their better Angel,
And ſtrict Obedience yield to his Commands.
In ev'ry Thing ſo much they love and fear him.
Alm. Madam, you draw ſo fine a Character
Of this great Man, ſure all the World muſt love him;
For ſo much Virtue muſt beget Eſteem,—
But here's your Father.

Enter Abatucci.

Flav. You're ſoon return'd, Sir, from the Senate.
Abat. We ſhould not have return'd ſo ſoon, my Daughter,
But all was unanimous, and with one Voice
Declar'd for War.

Flav.

Flav. For War! with whom? what have the Genoeſe
Attempted once more to diſturb our Peace?
Abat. No, my *Flavonia*, the *French* have threaten'd us
With quick Invaſion; that baſe deſigning People,
Who envy ev'ry little Spot of Earth,
Poſſeſs'd not by themſelves.
We muſt prepare with Speed for to repulſe them,
And I muſt join my Regiment immediately,
As does the General and all the Lords,
And haſte to take the Field.
Fla. This, this is melancholy News indeed!
That you muſt to the Camp. Support me Heav'n!
Ah! ſhould you fall a Victim to the Foe,
Shocking Idea! For oh! the Chance of War
Is doubtful. The brave Paoli too!
Thus when I thought myſelf ſupremely bleſt,
Both you and him torn from me in an Inſtant.
A few Days more would Hymen have lit up
His nuptial Torch, and made my dear Paoli
Mine for ever. Wretched Flavonia!
Abat. Ceaſe, ceaſe, *Flavonia.* Study not thus
Induſtriouſly to torment and rack
Thy peace of Mind with Suppoſition.
Oft before have I unſheath'd my Sword,
And oft have met the proud inſulting Foe.
The ſame Protector which I always found,
I truſt will ſtill defend my Life from Danger:
Therefore afflict not thus yourſelf with Fears;
Conſider 'tis incumbent on your Lover
To guard his Country from theſe hoſtile Robbers.
Fla. Ah Sir! you reaſon with a manly Firmneſs,
But pity me, a weak and ſilly woman.
I dread the Pomp of War, and all its Terrors
Riſes at once to my diſtracted Fancy:
Methinks I ſee the Foe ranſack the Iſle,
And nought but Deſolation reigns around.

O Sir!

O Sir! is there no way to ſtop their landing
Once in Corſica.

Abat. Fie Flavonia! Let not ſuch childiſh Fears
Diſturb thy peace: Retire my Daughter,
Repoſe will from your Mind baniſh theſe gloomy Thoughts.

Fla. Repoſe! How can a Mind diſtreſs'd and wretched
As mine is now, enjoy Repoſe. That is for him
Who has ſpent the Day in Toil and daily Labour:
He can lay him down in Peace, truſting to Sleep
To reſt his weary Limbs, that he may riſe
Chearful and healthy at the riſing Dawn,
To purſue the Labour of the foregoing Day:
He, he is happy. But go not to the Great
To look for Happineſs; you'll find it with
The humble Cottager, but not in gilded Roofs.

[*Ex. ſeverally.*

Scene Barbaggio's *Houſe.* *Enter* Barbaggio *and* Leonora.

Bar. The Forces all are join'd; the Gen'ral in Perſon
Heads the Army. The utmoſt Moment of my Time's
expir'd.
But ah, my Leonora! Courage and Love
Still combat in my Boſom, but Glory muſt prevail,
And we muſt part. I muſt unto the Camp.

Leon. And go, my Lord, your Country calls,
Let not a Woman's Weakneſs then detain you,
For I will ſtifle all my Sighs and Tears,
And will exert my utmoſt Fortitude to bear your Loſs.

Bar. O Leonora! Muſt I, Can I leave you?

Leon. Yes, fly, my Lord, the Cauſe of Liberty
And Freedom calls: Let it not call in vain.
If you delay I ſhall grow Woman and o'erflow in Tears.
For you I'll offer up my daily Pray'rs
But ah! how can I bear the Thoughts of all
The Dangers that will then ſurround you.

Bar.

Bar. When abſent from your Arms, and I'm encompaſs'd
Round with War and all its dreadful Terrors,
Yet, when I think upon my Leonora,
That pleaſing Name ſhall baniſh ev'ry Fear,
And when for her dear Sake I draw my Sword,
That Thought ſhall add new Courage and inſpire
My Soul to glorious Actions.

Leon. My Lord, your kind Anxiety on my Account
Will make me ſtill more wretched in your Abſence.

Bar. My Love I muſt depart; one laſt Embrace,
And then farewel.

Leon. What have you ſaid, my Lord? a laſt Embrace!
Pray Heaven your Words prove not prophetic.
Take heed you blow not up into a Flame
The Spark that's hard to ſtifle in my Boſom:
But, my Lord, you muſt depart, or all the Softneſs
Of my Soul will riſe, my Tears will flow,
And I, regardleſs of your Fame and Glory,
Shall wiſh for to detain you. Go, go, my Lord,
Fight for your Country and return back to your Leonora's Arms,
Loaden with Honour and with Victory.

Bar. O Leonora! the noble Greatneſs of your Soul
Confounds me: I know your Heart is ſtruggling now
With all the Paſſions of contending Virtue.
And ſhall I be a Coward, you ſo brave!
No, I do abhor the Thought; one tender, kind Embrace,
And then I go to join the General. [*Embrace.*

Leon. O! I could hold you thus for ever and for ever.

Bar. Thus when the Mother quits her darling Boy,
His Loſs does all the Sweets of Life deſtroy;
So I, in leaving of my lovely Wife,
Forego each Joy and Comfort of my Life:
Till I return no Pleaſure ſhall I find,
But gloomy Sadneſs muſt poſſeſs my Mind.

But

But we muſt part, the Pow'rs have ſo decreed,
If in this War we're fated to ſucceed,
'Tis only known above—or whether doom'd to bleed.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Harbour in the Iſland of Corſica: *Several Ships at a Diſtance, and Boats with Men in them rowing to Shore.*

Enter the Count de Marbœuf, *Marſhal* de Arcambal, *and ſeveral Soldiers and Sailors.*

Marb. AT Length we are ſafe, and Heav'ns be prais'd
Have once more ſet our Foot on Land.
Sure never Ships ſuſtained ſo much the Horror of the Waves!
Tempeſt on Tempeſt threat'ning Death each Moment,
And to be ſwallowed up by the devouring Ocean.
But Corſica ſhall dearly pay the Hazard we have run,
By Force or Stratagem ſhe ſhall be ours.

Arca. My Lord, I think you are too ſanguine in your Expectations;
How can you judge the Iſſue of the Event,
Till you have farther Converſe with the Natives?

Marb. You talk, Arcambal, as if entirely ign'rant
Of the Power of Gold. In ev'ry Land there's Traitors
To be found, People who for the inriching of themſelves,
Would ſell their King, their Country, and their God,
If poſſible. Nor do I fear to find Corſica deſtitute
Of ſuch vile Wretches. Gold is perſuaſive.

Arca.

Arca. But, my Lord, the whole Iſle's Attachment
To their General is ſo great, they never will betray him.
Marb. I tell you as before, you know not yet
The Influence of Gold, which you ſhall be acquainted with
Before you leave the Iſle. This great Paoli,
Their General and their Idol they will betray
Into our Hands e'er many Months be paſt.
Arca. You tell me Things that's hard to be believed.
But ſuppoſe, my Lord, we thought of retiring,
To find a Place proper to form a Camp in.
Marb. Your Counſel's good, and I think it proper
For us to go further up the Country,
As, ſhould the Enemy have Notice of our Arrival
And come upon us in this deſart Place,
Our Forces all weary and harraſs'd with Fatigue,
It would diſtreſs us much.
So follow, my brave Fellows, one and all,
We come to ſhake Corte, and make Paoli fall. [*Ex.*

Scene, A Street in Corte. *Enter two Citizens.*

1*ſt. Cit.* Good morrow, to you, Brother Citizen.
2*d. Cit.* Good morrow to you, Brother; who that beheld
The Horrors of laſt Night ever had Hopes
To ſee the dawning Day.
1*ſt. Cit.* Dreadful indeed, paſt human Thought
Has been this awful and tremendous Night.
Three Moons I ſaw, and, as you ſtedfaſtly at them did gaze,
They ſtraight diſſolved in Blood: Omens and Prodigies
Terrify the Gazers, and nought but Horror
And Confuſion ſhrinks up ev'ry Soul.

Enter another Citizen.

3*d. Cit.* The Ruin of our Country is at hand,
Theſe Omens all portend it: In ev'ry Face you meet
Amazement

Amazement and Horror ſits engraven,
All but the General ; he remains unmov'd ;
Firm and collective in himſelf he ſeems
To dare the worſt of Dangers.

1ſt. Cit. Saw you the General this Night?

3d. Cit. I did: With all that Majeſty and Affability
Which diſtinguiſhes him from all the World beſides,
He came from forth his Palace at Corte,
And walk'd the Street, exhorting every Corſican
Not to be terrify'd by theſe bad Omens ;
But to rely on him who only could deliver them,
And truſt in Heaven to ſave them.
Thus did he cheer their drooping Spirits,
Aud revive their Hopes.

Enter another Citizen.

4th. Cit. Was ever Night ſo dreadful as the paſt!
The Heavens have been on Fire; and nought but Terror
And Aſtoniſhment reign in every Place.

3d. Cit. When Empires have arrived to their Period,
And ſome future Deſolation drawing near,
The Heavens ſtill give the People Warning
Of their Danger.

2d. Cit. Have you not heard the Invaſion of the French?
That they are landed in our Iſle. O! my Countrymen,
I fear this War'll prove fatal unto Corſica.

1ſt. Cit. Theſe Omens then are to the French
As well as us. Let us not terrify ourſelves
Too much, but join the General with Courage
And Reſolution: For every Corſican, I think,
Is bound for to defend his Liberty and Country.

4th. Cit. Where is the General?

3d. Cit. At Corte.

4th. Cit. What detains him there?

3d. Cit. Waiting to ſee all his Commands obey'd
E'er he ſets forward for to join the Army.

2d. Cit.

2d. Cit. If Heaven decrees our Iſland to be conquer'd,
We muſt ſubmit at laſt.

1ſt. Cit. Submit! no, never tamely: A Corſican
Diſdains the Thought, abhors it from his Soul.
And is there an Individual in our Iſle
Who dares to boaſt himſelf a Native of it,
And once to think of ſubmitting. By Heaven
Was I acquainted with the Man that harbours
Such a Thought, I'd ſcorn his Company,
And eſteem him the loweſt of Mankind.

3d. Cit. Behold our General! Pattern from him
Ye Men of Corſica! With Emulation ſtrive
To vie with him in Glory. Why do we then ſtay here,
Loſing our Time, our Honour, and our Fame?
Let's haſte, my Friends, to join him,
For Life or Death is glorious by his Side.

4th. Cit. We are agreed. If Ill betide him,
Ill betide ourſelves. It is beneath a Corſican to wiſh
To live after the Loſs of Liberty and Paoli. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Barbaggio's *Houſe.* Leonora *reclining on a Couch.*

Leon. Now, now, my Soul, give Vent to all my Sorrows,
And eaſe my o'ercharged Breaſt. While in the Preſence
Of my much-lov'd Lord I ſtrove for to ſuppreſs
Each riſing Sigh and flowing Tear; but now
I'll give a Looſe unto my Grief. Flow, flow, my Tears,
For my dear Lord's being abſent. O Fate! how hard
Are thy Decrees to be ſubmitted to by us poor ſilly Mortals.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Madam, here is Diſpatches from the Army
Of my Lord's ſafe Arrival at the Camp.

Leon. riſing. Heaven be praiſed that has conducted him
Safely thus far. But Oh! the Dangers

That do now ſurround him diſtract my Soul,
And I am loſt to every Joy and Comfort.
Iſa. Madam, revive your drooping Spirits,
My Lord will fight with, overcome theſe Enemies
Of his Country. Meditate then on his Return;
When at the Cloſe of the Campaign he comes,
With what ecſtatic Joy you'll meet your Hero,
Triumphant, crown'd with Conqueſt from the Field.
Leon. My Iſabella, you are kind indeed,
In ſtriving thus for to divert my Grief;
That is impoſſible, for I'm impregnable to any Joy
While my dear Lord is abſent. Once I could boaſt
A Strength of Reaſon which no Change could ſhock.
But ah! my Iſabella, 'tis eaſy to be brave in Theory;
But when Misfortunes preſs upon the Soul,
'Tis hard, 'tis very hard to put in practice
That firm Undauntedneſs of Mind we boaſted of before.
One Comfort yet remains, my Father lives
In Peace from War's Alarms. His Age, his Function,
All conſpire to keep him from the Army.
Thus in the midſt of Trouble yet we find
Something ſtill left us which requires our Thanks.
Iſa. Ah, Madam! recall that Courage and Nobleneſs of Soul
For which you're fam'd ſo much throughout the Iſle.
Leon. I will, my Iſabella, ſtrive to be myſelf,
My Grief for my dear Lord's being abſent has weigh'd me down
Too much below the Wife of Barbaggio,
And Daughter of the brave Clement Paoli.
I'll rouſe myſelf, and with becoming Spirits
Turn all my Thoughts to pity my poor Country
Diſtreſs'd and plunder'd thus by foreign Enemies
Landing on our Shore. But hark, the Bell!
I'll go and offer up my Prayers to Heaven
And with the utmoſt Fervour there implore each Saint

And

And Angel-Guardian of our Iſle for to protect us
From theſe deſtroying Foes. Come, Iſabella, come.

Scene Abatucci's *Houſe.* *Enter* Paoli *and* Flavonia.

Paoli. Weep not, my Love, weep not, my charming Fair,
For I ſhall ſoon return, when I have overcome
This haughty Foe. Cruel Ambition tears me from thy Arms,
And muſt retard our Nuptials for a Seaſon:
But, O Flavonia, the French ſhall find what they've to do,
When they engage a Lover deſp'rate made
By being torn from all he holds moſt dear.
Fla. O my Lord, Can I refrain from Tears,
When I behold myſelf bereſt of every Friend at once?
Paoli. My dear Flavonia, the Thoughts of War till now
Was pleaſing to me, and the ſhrill Trumpet ſtill
Inſpir'd my Soul with unabating Vigour,
And taught me Death with Honour was far preferable
Than Life without it. But ſince that I am dear
Unto Flavonia, ſince I am worth a Sigh, a Tear,
An anxious Thought of hers, I ſhall eſteem
My Life to be deſerving of my Care.
Fla. Ah, my Lord! I know not what to ſay,
I wiſh indeed that we might never part,
But that's impoſſible: Your Country calls you to her Reſcue,
Then why ſhould I deſire to detain you;
To rob you of a great and glorious Name!
And I have nothing but a Heart to give,
Unworthy your Acceptance.
Paoli. Unworthy the Acceptance! Ah ceaſe Flavonia,
By Heav'ns that Heart's a Conqueſt
Worthy of the greateſt Monarch. O we muſt part,
I have delay'd too long already. My Honour calls,
I muſt away. But while I am bleſt
With my Flavonia's Prayers, and ſhe vouchſafes

To think of me in Abſence, Danger nor Death
Cannot affright my Soul. I go to quell
This proud imperious Foe, and then return,
Borne on the Wings of Love.

Fla. O ſtay, my Lord, ſtay but a Moment,
For my Heart forebodes I never ſhall behold you more.
Excuſe a Woman's Fears.

Paoli. Let not ſuch Thoughts diſtreſs thy tender Boſom
For ſoon ſhall Hymen light his Torch,
And make me bleſt in all my Soul holds dear.

Fla. Ah! no, flatter me not with ſuch deluſive Hopes,
It will not be, nor ſhall I e'er be yours.

Paoli. Why, my Love, where lies the Obſtacle
To impede our Happineſs?

Fla. This War, this fatal War will be our Ruin.

Paoli. Droop not, my Love! like Roſes with'ring
In a Summer's Sun. To leave thee thus o'erwhelm'd,
Is more than I can well ſupport. O could you ſee
The Struggles of my Soul tortur'd and rack'd
Thus with contrary Paſſions. But how can I demur?
My Country looks upon me as her Friend,
And ſhall I be the greateſt of her Foes,
The firſt for to betray her; and, while ſhe looks to me
For Help and Succour, for any private Intereſt of my own
Neglect her? No, no, I muſt not, cannot be ſo baſe;
My Country claims my Life, and that I'll ſacrifice
For her dear Sake. I muſt depart, *Flavonia*, for if I ſtay,
Your Tears will move me, and I ſhall renounce
Gratitude, Honour, Pity, all for Love.

Fla. Then hear me all ye Powers! if we muſt part,
Defend my Hero, guard him in the Field,
Protect him, all ye Saints, from ev'ry Danger,
And O! return him ſafe, when all the Horrors
Of the War is o'er.

Paoli. And may the Pow'rs above then hear my Pray'r,
Guard and defend my lovely charming Fair;

Protect her Perſon, keep her from all Harm,
O ſhield her ſtill by thy defending Arm;
Keep her from ev'ry Ill while I am gone,
And if from War I'm fated to return,
Then make her mine in mutual Flames to burn.

Exeunt.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, the Palace at Corte. *Enter* Clement Paoli.

Clem. THE Fate of War is doubtful, and ſhall I let my Brother
Expoſe his Life, and not endanger mine? It is for me,
It is for every one, that he exerts himſelf
In this candid manner; for well I know, his Soul
Is Peace and Gentleneſs, averſe to War and Bloodſhed;
But in his Country's Cauſe, that glorious Cauſe!
Say but his Country's Liberty's in Danger,
And you have kindled in his Soul a Flame
That prompts him on to great and glorious Actions
That Probability will hardly bear the telling.
I'll join him then, and Life or Death will hazard
By his Side. But here's my Daughter,
And now to break to her my fix'd Reſolves.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. My Father here! This is unlook'd for Happineſs indeed;
When told you was arrived I hardly could believe
The gladſome Tidings.

Clem. The Buſineſs that has brought me to the Palace
Is to take my Farewell of you for a little while.
Leon. Farewell! Ah, whither is it you propoſe to go?
Clem. My Leonora, Can I let your Uncle endanger thus his Life
For all our Safeties, and not contribute all that's in my Power
To ſuccour him. I know my Daughter you're too brave,
Too generous to ſee your Uncle fall in his Country's Cauſe,
And, when 'twas in my Power to be of Service to him,
To form one Thought, one Wiſh for to detain me.
Leon. Ah, Sir! this touches me too near;
My Lord's and Uncle's Abſence was only alleviated by your Preſence;
But to loſe you all; O! 'tis too much; to whom ſhall I complain?
No one to tell my Griefs, my Cares, and my Anxieties.
Thus am I deſtitute of ev'ry Friend, and wretched ev'n beyond Compariſon.
Thus Trouble upon Trouble ſtill ſucceeds,
And one Misfortune ſeldom comes alone.
Clem. Complaining ne'er ſhall draw me from my Purpoſe,
For I'm fix'd immoveable: And nothing but ſome ſupernat'ral Power
Shall hold me back: Therefore call up your boaſted Reſolution
To ſupport you. Heaven has decreed it,
And we muſt ſubmit. Farewell, my Daughter.
Leon. Farewell, Farewell! O ſhield me from theſe Thoughts
That now diſtract me: To Heav'n's Protection I commend you, Sir.
And may each Saint watch over your dear Life,
Whilſt in the midſt of War and Tumult, to return you ſafe,
With my dear Uncle, and my much-lov'd Lord.

[*Ex. ſeverally.*

Scene,

Scene, the French *Camp. Enter the Count* de Marbœuf, *and Marſhal* de Arcambal.

Arcam. My Lord, what think you now of this ſo much
fam'd Iſle.
Marb. I wiſh it had never been our Fate to have un-
dertaken War
Againſt ſo brave and reſolute a Set of Warriors.
Arcam. They are indeed moſt brave, courageous People,
Loſſes inſtead of intimidating and making them more ready
to ſubmit,
Inſpires 'em ſtill with more heroic Courage, and makes
them deſperate.
Marb. I have Diſpatches here from France inform
The Count de Vaux is coming to take upon him the
Command
Of all the Troops here in the Iſle;
And, believe me, Arcambal, I'm not diſpleas'd:
For then if this Enterpriſe ſhould fail,
The Miſcarriage will be imputed to his Charge,
When otherwiſe the Blame would fall on me.
For I verily believe theſe Iſlanders will never be conquer'd
By the Arms of France.
Arcam. I don't think they ever will, and your all-pow'r-
ful Gold
On them has loſt its Influence; but might I adviſe,
I would conclude a Peace, and imbark with all the Troops
for France.
Marb. 'Tis true, Gold which is ſo perſuaſive in ev'ry
Nation,
Yet has not Charms enough for this brave People,
To make them ſell their Country. But I ſhould follow
Your Advice, were I left to my own Choice.
But, ſince the Count de Vaux will ſoon arrive,
I ſhall do nothing one Way or other, but when he comes,
Let him do as he thinks beſt.

Arcam.

Arcam. But, my Lord, don't you think it very ill Uſage,
When you left France with full Power to tranſact all Affairs in Corſica
As you ſhould judge moſt for the Advantage of the King and Kingdom,
Thus in a foreign Land to have another Commander ſent
To take all intirely out of your Hands,
And cenſure your Conduct as he pleaſes.
Believe me, 'tis not what I ſhould like.

Marb. Nor I neither on any other Occaſion,
For I hear the Count has full Power to act in ev'ry Thing
As if the King himſelf were here in Perſon:
Which, I aſſure you, is not diſpleaſing to me.

Arcam. How not diſpleas'd? For well I know
The Count and you have long been Enemies;
Which to me would be the more vexatious.

Marb. I'll tell you; he is obſtinate and headſtrong,
The Corſicans are brave and reſolute; he will purſue ſuch Meaſures with them,
As will not fail to work his own Diſgrace at Paris.

Arcam. I ſuppoſe you will return to France;
For ſure you will not think of ſtaying here,
To ſee him bear the Command in Chief.

Marb. Yes, but I ſhall; as going to France will never anſwer my Purpoſe.
But hark! I hear a Skirmiſh. [*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Arcam. I own you have more Patience than I ſhould have,
But let us forth, and ſee the Reaſon of the Trumpet's ſounding. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, Leonora's *Apartments.* *Enter* Flavonia *to* Leonora.

Leon. Flavonia! This is kind indeed: Few, very few are to be found,
Who think the Unhappy worthy of their Notice.

Flav. But when a Sympathy of Misfortunes join,
To meet and to brood o'er each other's Sorrows,
Is ſome Relief to the afflicted Mind.

Leon.

Leon. But ah! Flavonia, what are your Griefs to mine?
You mourn the Abſence of a Father;
I, a Father, Huſband, and an Uncle.
Flav. Oh, Leonora! I mourn a Father, and a Lover's Loſs.
But what is that you ſay? A Father! Is the good Clement then no more?
Leon. He is not dead, my dear Flavonia, but equally ſo to me;
Gone to the Camp. His noble Soul could not endure the Thought
His Brother ſhould hazard his Life in Battle, and he ſtay here in Peace.
My Tears, Prayers, and Intreaties were all in vain,
For he was reſolute to go, and with him carried every Comfort hence.
Flav. Ah, Leonora, I've received Intelligence that's ſhocking to my Soul.
O! where is Safety to be found for Virtue?
When Nobleneſs of Heart, Greatneſs of Soul all join'd with Affability,
Cannot be Proof againſt foul Treachery.
Leon. Treachery! to whom? Ah! Flavonia, keep me not in Suſpence;
Who, who have they betrayed?
Flav. No one, as through th' Almighty Powers has been diſcover'd
Conſpiracy of the fouleſt and blackeſt Kind,
To aſſaſſinate and murder the General in his Tent.
Leon. Heavens defend me! who can be ſafe from baſe Ingratitude?
For ſure if ever Man deſerv'd to be belov'd by thoſe below him,
It is the great, the generous, brave Paoli.
Flav. 'Twas Villainy unpardonable; ungrateful Wretches!
Have they ſo ſoon forgot what he has done for them,

And

And for his Country: Has he not freed them
From the ſervile Yoke of the proud Genoeſe,
Poliſh'd their Cuſtoms, and refin'd their Manners
From the moſt cruel, horrid Barbariſm,
Not only into mere Civility, but true Politeneſs.
Leon. Flavonia, it grieves me to the Soul to think
A Corſican ſhould harbour ſuch a Thought
Againſt the Man who'as done ſo much for them:
By it we learn no Tie of Love nor Gratitude can bind
The mean, the ſordid, ſelf-intereſted Soul.
Where, where's their Gratitude and Love to him,
The great Deliverer (as they call him) and Father of his Country.
Flav. For ever could I liſten with Attention,
To hear that great Man's Praiſe flow from thy Tongue;
But then the Thoughts of this deſtructive War that levels all without Diſtinction,
The General and the meaneſt Soldier ſhare one common Fate!
Ah! ſhould we loſe this great, this valiant Man,
O! ſhield me Heavens, for if I give ſuch melancholy Ideas Encouragement,
They will diſtract my Brain, and hurry me to Madneſs.
Leon. Ah! give not way to ſuch tormenting Fears;
For Heaven will ſtill defend and guard the Juſt:
But when this Enemy ſhall be overthrown,
And each imperious Frenchman forced to own
The Corſican's invincible; with what tranſporting Pleaſure ſhall we meet
Thoſe that deſerve our utmoſt Tenderneſs, returning from the Field,
After the Conqueſt of this haughty Foe.
Flav. A dire Preſage ſtill hangs about my Heart,
And Apprehenſion deadens ev'ry Joy;
But if a Battle riſes to my View, I hardly can ſupport my fainting Spirits:
So much I dread the fatal Conſequences of th' Event.
Adieu! Dear Leonora.

Leon.

Leon. Ceaſe, ceaſe, nor harbour in thy tender Boſom
Theſe vain Chimeras that diſturb thy Peace;
Nor thus by anticipating what may never happen,
Render thyſelf the miſerableſt of Beings.
'Tis Time enough to grieve when we have Confirmation
Of the worſt Misfortune that can befall us.
No! let us ſtill commit our Cauſe to Heaven,
And patiently reſign to what that does ordain.
Adieu! Flavonia, I hope we ſoon ſhall meet for to partake
Each other's Joy inſtead of Sorrow. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Scene, The General's Tent. Enter Paſchal Paoli, *and a Meſſenger.*

Paoli. You had theſe Letters from my Brother's Hands?
Meſſ. I had, and when he gave them he bade me ſay
He would be here himſelf as ſoon as I.

Enter Clement Paoli.

Paoli. My Brother! How ſhall I expreſs my Senſe
Of this your generous Deed?
Clem. Call it not ſo: Could I do otherwiſe?
O think not that I could behold my Brother and my Country equally involv'd
In Ruin, and be a calm Spectator of their Fate.
Rather let me contribute all that's in my Power
To ſave them e'er too late, or meet my Death
In the ſame glorious Cauſe.
Paoli. It is too much. You are too generous, and too brave,
But ſtill I do conjure you not to venture
Your Life in Battle, for that if we are doom'd to be o'ercome,
One is enough to fall.

Entre

Enter Barbaggio *and* Abatucci.

My Lords, you're in good Time to welcome here
My Brother to the Camp.
Bar. How's this, my Lord? Sure you're not come
To ſhare with us the Dangers of the War.
Abat. It ne'er can be the generous Clement can forget
His holy Function. From all the Dangers of the Field exempt,
Can wave that Privilege and come to riſk his Life
Here in his Country's Service.
Clem. My Lords, you rate my good Intentions at too high a Price.
It were beneath a noble Soul to wiſh to outlive
The Ruin of his Country.
Paoli. My Brother, when ſaw you my Flavonia?
Heavens protect that lovely charming Maid,
If Tenderneſs of Soul and Virtue claim your Care,
And every Grace that is beſtow'd on Woman.
Bar. My Leonora too, I hope, is well; for ſure ſhe is
The loveliеſt of her Sex: A Nobleneſs of Soul ſtill glows
Within her charming Boſom; but yet ſo tender and compaſſionate,
That ſhe can weep for other's Woes
More than her own.
Abat. My Lord, how fares my Daughter?
For when I left her, Sorrow I fear'd would weigh her down too much.
Clem. Leonora and Flavonia both are well;
But Love, that Canker-worm, preys on their Hearts,
And makes their Cheeks look pale till your Return.
Paoli. Heaven only knows when that will be,
On that I do rely, for human Help, I fear, will never ſave us.
Once more, my Brother, I conjure you, go;
Return unto Corte; and, if the Powers above have ſo decreed we ſhould be conquer'd,

If

Enter Colonel Rocco Serra *and a Party of Horſe.*

Col. Turn, turn, ungrateful Wretches as you are,
For I am come for to releaſe the brave,
The noble Clement from out your Hands. O Traitors!
Villains! Cowards! are you fled? (*They fly.*
Clem. O Colonel! this is nobly done indeed;
Thus to riſk your Life to preſerve mine.
Col. My Lord, could I do otherwiſe?
What is my Safety when compar'd to yours?
I keep my Life but for my Country's Good,
And I am happy in having had the Honour to come
Thus ſeaſonably to your Relief; that greateſt Service
I could do her. But how, my Lord, came you
To be betray'd?
Clem. I had retired into a Convent, where,
O that the Corſicans ſhould fall ſo low!
Brib'd by the Gold of the curſt French, they came,
Surrounded and made me their Priſoner;
And but for your timely Aſſiſtance I had been
Deliver'd into my Enemies Hands.
Col. Thank Heaven I had the Honour for to ſave you.
But where's the General, and the Lords Barbaggio
And Abatucci?
Clem. Barbaggio's gone to fetch his lovely Wife,
My Leonora; my Brother and Abatucci are gone
To fetch Flavonia; that they may ſhare our Fortunes.
A Ship is too provided to carry us off the Iſland,
For oh, why ſhould we ſtay to ſee Poſſeſſion
Taken by another, and all our brave,
Our warlike Countrymen condemn'd to Death
Or Bondage. But come, my brave Deliverer,
And let us join the poor remaining few
That ſtill adhere unto our wretched Fortunes.
Col. My Lord, through Life whatever Fate befal,
I follow and attend you. (*Exeunt.*

Scene, Abatucci's *Houſe*. *Enter* Flavonia *with a Bowl of Poiſon.*

Flav. Why ſtarts my Soul at Death, can there be aught
In that more terrible than Life to th' Unhappy?
Such a Life as I do now ſuſtain. O my Father!
You are but gone before, for I will ſoon o'ertake
Thy fleeting Spirit. But yet my Soul ſhudders
And ſhrinks back at the Thoughts of Self-Murder.
Away this Woman's Weakneſs, let me but think
Upon my Hero, my Paoli, gone to the Regions
Of eternal Bliſs. My Father too by his dear Side
Expir'd; horrid Idea! Then what have I to do with Life,
And they no more? 'Tis done, the Struggle's o'er,
And now I am reſolute to join them.
Death thou art pleaſing now unto my Soul. (*A Shout.*
But hark! the Enemy have poſſeſs'd the Town,
And ſhall I live to fall a Prey to them?
Which I muſt ſurely do defenceleſs and alone,
Without a Father, or my dear Paoli, to protect me.
Ah, Death, come quickly and eaſe me of theſe Fears.
And, O ye angelic Spirits! look down with Pleaſure
On the ſuperior Courage of a Woman,
Who ſcorns to live when Life is hateful to her,
And longs to ſhare with you the more ſubſtantial Bliſs
You now enjoy. (*Drinks.*) Now, now I am prepar'd
For what may happen.

Enter Almira.

Alm. Ah, Madam, what do I ſee? Defend me Heavens!
That Bowl! O my foreboding Heart tells me
That you have done a Deed of Horror.

Flav. No; my Almira, I have only given unto myſelf
A Peace that this World can't beſtow;
For what have I to do with Life now ev'ry Comfort's fled?

Alm.

Alm. O Madam, ſay not ſo, there yet remains
For you unlook'd-for Happineſs. But O this curſed Bowl
Deſtroys all future Hopes. I fly for ſome Relief,
If poſſible before it is too late.
Flav. holding her. Stir not for your Life, why would you have me
Live after the Loſs of ev'ry thing that's dear?
Beſides, where muſt I go? My Country too is loſt;
But that is now the leaſt of my Concern, for I
E'er long ſhall be beyond the Reach of Mortals.
But hark! What Noiſe is that?
Alm. looking out. O Madam, 'tis the General and your Father coming.
Flav. Ha! Do they think my Death too ling'ring,
And come to warn me of my Danger. I come, I come,
Ye dear, departed Spirits, to join you inſtantly.
Alm. O they're in Perſon, they live, they live,
And come to ſnatch you from your Danger.

Enter Paoli *and* Abatucci.

Paoli. My Life! my Love! my dear Flavonia!
Is it then given me to behold once more
All that my Soul holds dear. Robb'd of my Country,
Forſaken by my Army, but yet a Smile
From my Flavonia can eaſe my Cares at once.
Flav. O my Father, my dear Paoli, how did you eſcape
From Death when that you was ſurrounded
By the Enemy? For I expected ne'er to ſee you more.
Abat. My Child, my dear Flavonia! do I once more
Behold you? Happy ſtill that from the Wreck
Of all my Fortunes I can ſave my precious darling Child.
Paoli. Come, come, my Love! let us not loſe a Moment,
Leſt that our Enemies ſhould retard our Flight;
And, though I have not a Kingdom to beſtow,
Yet I have a Heart that's ſtill the ſame

In all the various Turns of Fortune,
And with my dear Flavonia by my Side,
A Cottage will to me be happier far
Than Kingdoms would without her.

Abat. And here, my Children, I give you to each other.
(Joining their Hands.
With my paternal Bleſſing; and I will be
A conſtant Follower of your Fortunes.

Flav. O unexpected Happineſs! O Sir,
Talk not of Kingdoms nor of Crowns,
For I could wander the wide World all o'er
With thee but by my Side, and aſk of Heaven
No other earthly Bleſſing. But oh, a ſudden Faintneſs
Seizes on my Heart. O! I have been too haſty.

Paoli. Whence does that deadly Paleneſs overſpread
Thy Face, and thy Limbs tremble as if the icy Hand
Of Death was on thee? Whence theſe Convulſions
That ſhake thy lovely Frame, and pierce me to the Soul?
Come, let me warm thy vivid Lips with Kiſſes,
And let us haſte for to depart the Iſland.

Flav. It is too late: I never can be yours.
Why was I now permitted to behold you,
Only to have a Sight of Happineſs I never can enjoy,
And make Death bitter to my Soul!
Why did I not die in my pleaſing Ignorance?
But now, O curſed be the cruel,
The hard-hearted Wretch that came with Lies to me
Of both your Deaths. The Poiſon now begins
To work too ſtrongly in all my Veins,
And I muſt leave you now, for ever.

Paoli. What have you ſaid! Poiſon, what Poiſon?
O where, or how? Why did you mention Poiſon?

Flav. Death calls me hence. O I muſt go, my Love.
A Meſſenger arrived yeſterday from the Camp,
And told me there had been a Battle;
That you, my Love, your Brother, my Father,
And the principal Officers of the Army,

Were all ſlain. What could I do?
Bereft of ev'ry Friend, and dreading ev'ry Moment
To fall a Prey unto the Enemy? I ſwallow'd Poiſon.
I beheld Death then with other Eyes than now
I look upon him. I ſee the heinous Guilt
I have committed. But ah! the Puniſhment
Is adequate, if not ſuperior to the Crime.
O I am ſcorch'd within, and hardly ſhall
Have Time to ſay Farewell.

Abat. Yeſterday Morning! O ye Pow'rs!
That was a Day before the Battle.
Heavens blaſt the Wretch that baſe bereſt me
Of my only Child, my dear Flavonia.

Flav. The Struggle has been great, but Death at laſt
Has conquer'd. I thought that I could die
With Reſolution. But O to leave you
Is bitter now indeed. O my Father, my dear Paoli,
Will you ſometimes beſtow a Thought on me?
Blot not from your Remembrance her
That e'en in Death muſt love you. I faint, I die,
Receive my dying Breath, O pity and forgive me. [*Dies.*

Abat. Forgive thee! O my Daughter, I ſurely do,
But oh, you have render'd Life wretched to me indeed,
She's gone, ſhe's gone for ever, O raſh unthinking Maid!
My Child, my only Child gone, never to return,
For ever fled. Defend me Heav'n, or I ſhall go
Diſtracted. O my Son, for I muſt call you ſo,
Help me to ſupport this Weight of Sorrow.

Paoli. O Flavonia, what have you done?
By your unthinking Raſhneſs you have made me
Miſerable now indeed! The Loſs of Corſica
Was nothing to this laſt dreadful Stroke.

Abat. O! I had ne'er ſurviv'd the Ruin of my Country,
But for my Daughter, my Flavonia's Sake.
But live, my Son, live and expect the Day
Will come, when you ſhall once more claim
Corſica as your own. Remember your Country

Looks

Looks up to you ſtill to deliver her.
Touch not your Life, I charge you. Adieu!
I never will depart this Iſland,
But in ſome lonely Monaſtery will ſpend
The Remainder of my Days in Prayers
For my departed Child, and your Succeſs in Life.
Once more adieu! *(Exit.*

Enter Barbaggio *and* Leonora.

Paoli. O Leonora, look round and ſee the Triumph
Death has made. The loveliеſt Maid on Earth
Has fallen a Victim to his unrelenting Hand,
And brutal Fury. The proudeſt Conqueſt
That he e'er could boaſt.
Leon. My Friend, my dear Flavonia, lovely e'en in Death,
O Sir! from whence ſprung her unhappy Fate?
Paoli. Poiſon, curſt Poiſon has carried off the charming Maid,
And render'd me the miſerableſt of Beings.
O Leonora, the World could not produce her Equal.

Enter Almira *bleeding.*

Alm. O let me die by my dear Lady's Side,
For I could ne'er outlive her. I have given myſelf
This Wound that I might bear her Company
E'en in Death. [*Dies.*

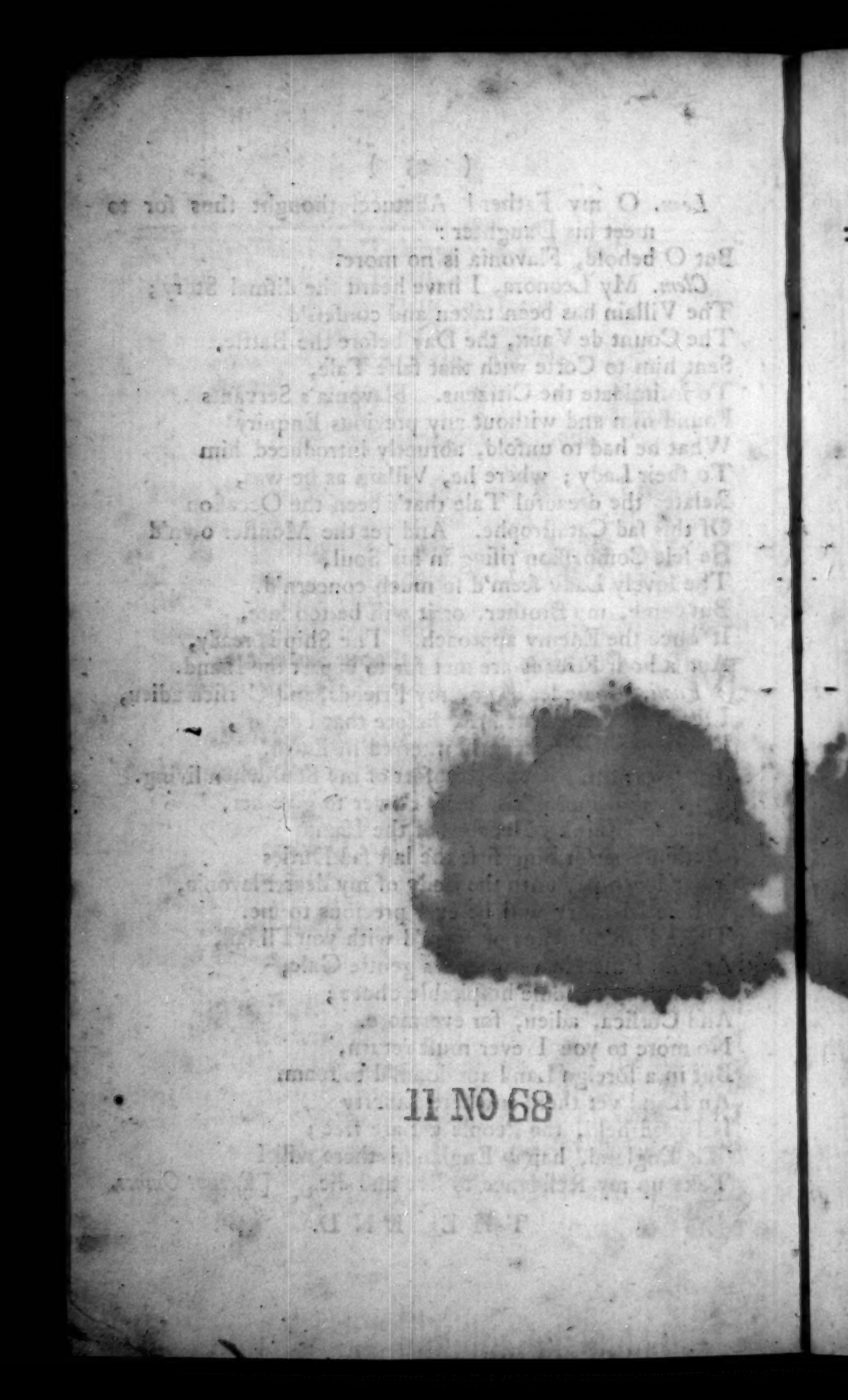
Enter Clement Paoli *and Colonel* Rocco Serra.

Clem. Behold him where he ſtands, with the big Drop
Juſt ſtarting from his Eye. Reaſon, Humanity, Cmpaſſion,
All excite it. But all the Hero riſing in his Soul,
He ſtrives for to ſuppreſs and hide from human Eye
The inward Struggles of his tortur'd Boſom.
My Child, my Leonora!,

Leon

Leon. O my Father! Abatucci thought thus for to meet his Daughter:
But O behold, Flavonia is no more.
Clem. My Leonora, I have heard the diſmal Story;
The Villain has been taken and confeſs'd
The Count de Vaux, the Day before the Battle,
Sent him to Corte with that falſe Tale,
To intimidate the Citizens. Flavonia's Servants
Found him and without any previous Enquiry
What he had to unfold, abruptly introduced him
To their Lady; where he, Villain as he was,
Relates the dreadful Tale that's been the Occaſion
Of this ſad Cataſtrophe. And yet the Monſter own'd
He felt Compaſſion riſing in his Soul,
The lovely Lady ſeem'd ſo much concern'd.
But come, my Brother, or it will be too late,
If once the Enemy approach. The Ship is ready,
And all our Friends are met for to depart the Iſland.
Paoli. Come let us go, my Friends, and Corſica adieu,
I fear for ever. But firſt, before that I depart,
I'll ſee her Body decently interred in Earth,
That was the Joy and Comfort of my Soul when living.
No Fun'ral Pomp 'tis in my Power to give her,
Nor can I think of leaving of the Iſland
Without performing firſt the laſt ſad Duties
That I can pay unto the Body of my dear Flavonia,
Whoſe Memory will be ever precious to me.
Theſe Fun'ral Rites perform'd with you I'll ſail,
And may the Heavens ſend a gentle Gale,
To waft us to ſome hoſpitable Shore;
And Corſica, adieu, for evermore.
No more to you I ever muſt return,
But in a foreign Land am doom'd to roam.
An Iſland yet there is where Liberty
Is ſacred held, the People yet are free;
'Tis England, happy England! there will I
Take up my Reſidence to live and die. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.



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